FARM NOTES.

Farm Rakings.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural World* advises fruit growers to use old straw for a mulch for strawberries when applied in the spring to keep down weeds, as in a dry time the straw does not setttle down to the ground.

THE question of narrow vs. broad tires is again being discussed in various parts of the country. There seem to be many good reasons why the broad tire is preferable for ordinary farm work. A team will draw a heavier load on soft ground, and can be driven where a narrow tire cannot be used. The subject is very interesting one.

MR. WATTS, of South Carolina, reports having a female Angora goat that gives throughout the season four quarts of milk daily, and of a quality equal in richness with that of any Jersey cow on his farm. He also says an Angora goat will thrive where a cow will starve, and six goats will subsist well in a pasture which would only afford sufficient nourishment for one cow.

THE average cut of green corn per acre in this country does not exceed forty tons, while the French farmers, it is said, cut 120 tons to the acre. The French have a mode peculiar to themselves. They dig deep trenches in the ground and bury the green corn after it is cut. It comes out sweet and good, and is kept in this manner for a long time, and when taken out is freely eaten by the cattle.

ECONOMY in the dairy is of special importance, because the price at which dairy products can be afforded materially affects the amount of consumption. In order to carry on a dairy farm with the greatest economy and the best results it must carry good natural grass land. A first-class pasture and a moderate area well adapted to soiling, with an abundance of good, pure, clean water, will help to cheapen the cost and also raise the quality of the production.

THE last report of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture shows that 7,600,000 persons in the United States are engaged in agricultural pursuits. The total value of farms and farm implements is $12,461,200,433, or two-thirds of the productive wealth of the nation. The value of farm products and live stock for 1878 was $3,000,000,000, against $2,800,000,000 of mining and manufacturing products. Thus it appears that not only a majority of the adult male population of the United States is engaged in agriculture, but more than one-half the wealth of the Union is invested in that industry.

PROF. ARNOLD says that the best rule for salting butter is to salt to suit the taste of the consumer. There is no use in applying any particular amount of salt for the purpose of preserving butter, because the very lightest salting is always more than sufficient for all the effect salt can have as a preservative element. Generally, one ounce of salt to sixteen ounces of butter, so as to obscure in a measure any faulty taste, is sufficient. If the flavor is very fine it will not be desirable to change it, but, on the contrary, to give it more prominence; hence the less salt, say one ounce to twenty of butter, the better.

ONE of the best dairymen in Vermont says: "I have come to the conclusion, after seven years' experience in the feeding of meal every day to such of my cows as are giving milk, that in future I would feed more meal instead of less. I believe that when the cows have been properly selected, and are of a breed that are reliable as to butter qualities, it amounts to a certainty that all we feed them above what is required to sustain their bodies will be returned to us in butter, with a large profit on the investment. At the same time care should be exercised not to over-feed. Gilt-edge butter can not be made from cows thin in flesh and poorly fed."

IN Europe the carrot is grown to a great extent for feeding cattle in the winter months. Roots of some kind are fed the winter through to the cows. An Iowa raiser of Jersey cows says he is accustomed to feed carrots, of which he usually raises 600 bushels per acre. Carrots increase the flow of milk and improve the appearance and quality of butter. Beets are preferable to carrots for increasing the flow of milk; the milk, however, which is produced from beets is not as good for butter. The breeder mentioned above has found it difficult to raise calves on clear Jersey milk, and advises the feeding of that which has been skimmed.

IN the country, says the Chicago *Times*, it is not necessary to exercise much economy in the employment of land for a garden. In towns, however, where the amount of land available for gardening is quite small, it is desirabel to make it produce as much as possible. It is better to prepare the soil of a town garden with a spade than with the plow, as better work can be done with it and all the ground can be put in good condition for planting. By taking a little pains two or more crops can be raised on the same ground in the same season. Melons, cucumbers and squashes may be started between rows of early potatoes, which will be ripe enough to dig before the running vines have made much growth. When the potatoes are dug the vines can be hoed and an abundance of fine earth drawn round them. Cabbages, cauliflowers, tomatoes and late beans can also be started in the same way. Early peas, beans and lettuce will be out of the way early enough to raise a crop of celery, turnips or late beets on the same ground. Two crops of peas may be raised on the same land. Flowers intended for autumn blooming can be started in boxes and transplanted to ground where early vegetables have been raised. The top onions can be harvested in season to produce a crop of several kinds of vegetables. By keeping all the ground occupied few weeds will appear and the land will be in better condition for use another season. A garden in town should always present an attractive appearance, and this end can be most easily accomplished by having a succession of vegetables and flowers on every part of the land.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.—One cup molasses, one cup sour milk or buttermilk, two eggs, one spoonful melted butter, one teaspoonful soda. Fry in hot lard.

SUGAR COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups granulated sugar, two cups melted butter, one cup sour milk, small teaspoonful soda, spice to taste. Knead, roll thin, bake in a moderately-hot oven. These cookies will keep for weeks, even in hot weather, without molding, unless the cellar closet is very damp.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Take two-thirds of good cheese, grated, and one-third of butter, add a little cream, pound all together in a mortar, then spread it on slices of brown bread, lay another slice over each, press them gently together, and cut them in small square pieces.

CRACKNELS.—Beat up eight eggs with the same number of spoonfuls of water, and a grated nutmeg. Pour them on three quarts of flour and add sufficient water to make the flour into a thick paste. Then mix with it two pounds of butter, roll it into cracknels, and bake them on tin plates.

FRIED POTATOES.—Pare, wash and slice thin, raw potatoes, lay in ice-cold water an hour or two, dry in a napkin; have a pan of hot lard, put in a few at a time, and fry a light brown; sprinkle with salt, turn with a fork, take out with a wire spoon, and put in a dish and set in the oven until all are cooked. To be eaten either hot or cold.

IRISH CABBAGE.—Chop a fine medium-sized head of cabbage, and season with butter, pepper and salt; add water enough to cook until very tender; then, when almost dry, add a cup of thick, sweet cream, and simmer a few minutes longer. A good way is to use half cream and half vinegar for those who prefer cabbage with vinegar, or those who have no cream can use milk thickened with a little flour.

RICH BROWN BREAD.—Four cups corn meal, two cups rye, graham or other flour, three cups sweet milk, two cups sour milk, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful salt, two heaped-up teaspoonfuls of soda. Pour into three-quart basin and steam steadily for two hours and a half, then place the loaf in the oven about three-quarters of an hour, and if the oven is not too hot you will have a loaf of brown bread fit for a premium.

A BEEF PIE.—Cold roast beef, one tomato, pepper and salt, one dozen boiled potatoes. Cut the cold beef in thin slices and put a layer on the bottom of your dish. Shake in a little flour, pepper and salt, cut up and add a tomato (if in season) or onion, finely chopped, then another layer of beef and seasoning until your dish is full; if you have any gravy put it in; have ready a dozen potatoes, boiled and mashed, with butter and salt, spread over the pie an inch thick; bake twenty-five minutes or a little more.

FRUIT PUDDING.—To make a plain fruit pudding, take one cup of sugar, one-half cup butter and two eggs, and beat together, then add a cup of sour milk and one teaspoonful of soda, three cups of flour and one cup of chopped raisins; spice to taste. Put in a mold and steam two hours. Another way which is very nice: Take one and a half cups of flour, one cup of bread crumbs, one cup of rasins, half a cup of currants, two nutmegs, one cup of suet chopped fine, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, four eggs, a wineglass of brandy, a wineglass of sirup and a little milk if necessary. Mix very thoroughly; tie it in a cloth as tight as possible, and boil fast five or six hours. Serve with sauce.

A LEFT-HANDED LUNG-TESTER.

At a singing school at Three Springs, Me., the other night, a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs, and invited a girl in the company to hit him in the breast. She said she was left-handed, had been washing all day, was tired, didn't feel very active, but at his urgent request let go at him. When his friends picked him up he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost every recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

HISTORY OF SMALL-POX.

A Plague That Has Held Sway for Twelve Centuries.

[From the New York Herald.]

Of the plagues which have arisen from time to time, and infested cities or countries, none is more dreaded, none is more persistent, none is more easily communicable or fatal than was small-pox a century ago. But whence or how the disease arose it is not so easy to say. Other plagues have vexed the earth for a time and then passed away, leaving no vestige of their ravages, as did the great plague of Athens during the Peloponnesian war, or the plague in the England of Charles II.; but small-pox, not content with twelve centuries of sway, still holds its own, despite the discoveries of science. It is unquestionably true that diseases of such contagious natures generally arise among filthy and ill-conditioned people confined in narrow quarters. This was the case with the Athenian plague, and it was again the case in the Jewish quarters of European cities. Contagious diseases were comparatively rare among the Romans and Greeks of the illustrious periods, owing to the free public baths and excellent sanitary and gymnastic habits of the times. It was reserved for the middle or dark ages to furnish the most dreadful examples of pestilence. Small-pox arose in the very darkest period of mediæval times. It first invaded England in the ninth century; it was common in Arabia in the tenth; the crusades carried it through all Southern Europe; it reached Norway in the fourteenth century; in 1517 it was carried to St. Domingo by the Spaniards along with slavery, the inquisition, the rack and a host of other blessings; three years later it crossed to Mexico and slew three millions; it invaded Iceland in 1707 and Greenland in 1738, slaying a fourth part of the residents in the former and a large proportion of those in the latter country, and, despite all that medical skill has done and is doing to cast it from the earth, it bids fair to retain its hold, in some measure, as long as popular ignorance, destitution, negligence and carelessness continue to combat the physicians and the dictates of common sense.

Its history is thus unique. Other contagious diseases have proved as fatal under similar circumstances for limited periods, but none have continued their blasting work for ten centuries in all climates from Mexico to Greenland. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that its approach should be hailed with terror, as is the approach of almost no other disease. Yellow fever and Asiatic cholera, even, have caused no such potent and widespread destruction. The very air it taints carries infection; garments in contact with patients carry their baneful power for years if shut up in tight closets; it can be communicated by mail or by the wind, by railroad, by ocean voyage, by manifest means which cannot be guarded against. It is not only dangerous, but loathsome in its progress; it drives away one's friends, thrusts him into unutterable tortures and leaves him often a wreck for life, with ruined health and disfigured countenance. When to all this is added its persistent reappearance at almost definite periods, it is not to be wondered at that small-pox scares are so common.

MEMORIES OF MOUNT VERNON.

During the war, while the bloodiest battles on the Potomac were being fought, the Southern and Northern troops fraternized on this spot, and not a shot was fired nor a blow exchanged on the domain of Mount Vernon. It was neutral ground. The soldiers exchanged coffee and tobacco and lolled amicably together under the trees, then went back to shooting and killing each other as soon as they were off the sacred ground. The most irreverent scoffer must walk with reverence through the ancient frame house in which so much of our history is embalmed. Hanging in the hall is the great key to the Bastile, sent to Washington by Lafayette, and near it is the General's field-glass, hung on its rack by Washington himself and never disturbed. Of all the memories of Mount Vernon none are more interesting than those of Eleanor Custis—poor Nelly, who died at 22, and was her stepfather's pet. In one room stands her harpsichord, an immense machine, just the size of a grand piano of the present day, with two banks of keys like an organ. Beside it are some ancient blue chairs embroidered by her dead fingers a century ago. In the grounds stands her rose bush, beside which, tradition says, she received her first offer, and which the guileless and credulous of her sex are persuaded to walk around six times to bring a similar event about. One of the ingenuities of the Regents of Mount Vernon was to have magnificent Turkish rugs made to resemble as far as possible the rag carpets which were the floor coverings in Martha Washington's day, and for that purpose scraps of the rag carpets were sent abroad to be as nearly simulated as possible. And way up high, under the roof, is a little hip-roofed, domer-windowed rookery, which, after Gen. Washington's death, his widow chose as her own room, because it was from that window only that a view could be had of the hideous brick tomb in which the mortal part of the General lay.

BEACONSFIELD'S NOVELS.

His novels are too valuable a revelation of his mind to be passed over, but in themselves they need not occupy us long. They are brimful, nay, foaming over, with cleverness; indeed, "Vivian Grey," with all its youthful faults, gives one a greater impression of purely intellectual brilliance than anything else he ever wrote or spoke. There is some variety in their subjects—"Contarini Fleming" and "Tancred" are more romantic than the others, "Sybil" and "Coningsby" more political—as well as in their merits; the two latest, "Lothair" and "Edymion," works of his old age, being markedly inferior in spirit and invention. But the general characteristics are the same in all—a lively fancy, a knack of hitting people off in a few lines, considerable power of describing the superficial aspects of society, a swift narrative, a sprightly dialogue, a keen insight into the selfishness of men and the vanities of women, with incessant flashes of wit lighting up the whole stage. But it is always a stage. The light is artificial light, not open-air sunshine. Nothing is really like nature. There is not one of the characters whom we feel we might have met and known; nor any whom we should like to know. Heroes and heroines are theatrical figures; their pathos rings false, their love, though described as passionate, seems superficial; it does not spring from the inmost recesses of the soul. The studies of men of the world, and particularly of heartless ones, are the most life-like; yet, even here, any one who wants to feel the difference between the great painter and the clever sketcher need only compare Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne with Disraeli's Marquis of Monmouth, both of them suggested by the same original. There is, in short, an absence of real dramatic power in these stories, just as there is in his play of "Alarcos;" and if we read them with pleasure it is not for the sake either of plot or of character, but because they contain so many sparkling witticisms and reflections, setting in a strong light, yet not always an unkindly light, the seamy side of politics and human nature. The slovenliness of their style, which is often pompous, but seldom pure or correct, makes them appear to have been written hastily—an impression heightened by the undoubted fertility of invention in the earlier ones, where we feel that the sketches the author gives are, so to speak, only a few out of a large portfolio.—*Prof. James Bryce, in Century Magazine.*

THE SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS.

The following incident is translated from Cuvier's great work, entitled "The Animal Kingdom:"

During the siege of Bhurtpore, in the year 1805, at one of the wells near the camp, from which the army fetched water, two elephants, one large and strong, tha other weak and small, had been driven up by their respective drivers.

The smaller elephant had been provided for the occasion with a pail, which he carried on the tip of his trunk. The other one, who for some reason had not been furnished with a pail, either of his own accord or at his keeper's desire, seized the bucket, and easily wrenched it away from his fellow-servant. The latter was too sensible of his weakness openly to resent the insult, though it was obvious he felt it.

After a time the weaker animal, watching his chance when the other was standing with his back to the well, retired backward a few paces, and then, rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well. As the surface of the water was nearly twenty feet below the level of the ground, there did not appear any chance of getting the animal out by main force, at least without injuring him.

There was a good depth of water below the elephant, who floated with ease on the surface, and, enjoying his cool retreat, did not exert himself to escape.

A vast number of fascines—bundles of fagots—had been employed by the army during the siege, and it occurred to the elephant-keeper that a sufficient number of these might be lowered into the well to make a pile and reach the top, if the elephant could be instructed to lay them in regular succession under his feet.

The keeper taught the animal this lesson, and the elephant quickly began to place each fagot as it was lowered to him under his feet, until at length he was able to stand upon them.

By this time, however, the cunning animal, enjoying the cool situation, after the heat and partial scarcity of water to which he had lately been exposed, was unwilling to work any more, and all the threats of his keeper could not get him to place another fagot.

The man thereupon opposed cunning to cunning, and began to coax and praise the animal; and at last the elephant set to work again, and raised himself so high that by the removal of the masonry at the top of the wall he was enabled to step out on to the ground.—*Chatterbox.*

GOOD manners is an art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons weary is the best-bred man in company.

EUROPE'S TEEMING MILLIONS.

Of the large cities of Europe, Berlin ranks next in size to London and Paris—the census of last year giving it 1,100,000 inhabitants. It 1850 it had but 400,000, a gain of 700,000 in thirty years—thus doubling and nearly trebling its number. Nor is Berlin exceptional from other German cities in its rapid growth. Dresden in 1850 had 90,000 inhabitants, and now it numbers about 220,000; Breslau thirty years ago had 160,000, and at present it numbers 280,000; eighty years ago Munich had 50,000; thirty years ago 100,000, and last year 230,000 inhabitants. Not only these cities, but all the German cities, and also the towns, show the same remarkable growth. And this growth is not occasioned by immigration from outside the empire's borders, as it is in America, but from the people's literally fulfilling the scripture commands to "increase and multiply and replenish the earth." It is seldom that a German mother has less than eight or ten children, while it is common for them to have twelve and fifteen and not uncommon for even higher numbers. Pray don't have any anxiety lest Germany becomes depopulated and ruined by the enormous emigration that is constantly taking place to other countries, and especially to America. The country is already over-populated; it has more mouths than it has bread to give them; more hands than it has labor to perform. The great problem which Bismarck and the Government at present are trying to solve is what to do with the increasing millions of the future.

Emigration is the great safety-valve of the country, and through its channels the surplus population, or a portion of it at least, seek new homes in foreign lands under foreign skies, where labor is in demand and receives its just reward and where the hard-working laborer and mechanic will be free from the military despotism which in Germany grinds them to earth. In some parts of Germany the population has more than doubled in sixteen years, and from 1872 to 1878 the yearly excess of births over deaths was 542,000, and at the present rate of increase the population of the country will reach nearly 100,000,000 before the next century is half completed. From 1816 to 1864 the increase of population in Prussia was from 10,350,000 to 19,260,000, and in 1875 to 21,232,000, or 105 per cent. With these startling figures, the German economist is busy at work over his calculations, endeavoring to fix on the time in the future when the prophecy of Malthus will be fulfilled, and the population of the earth will be so dense that there will not be standing-room on the earth's surface for its inhabitants.—*Cor. of the Springfield Republican.*

THE TWO CHARGES AT BALAKLAVA.

In describing Balaklava, writers hitherto have been so deeply imbued with admiration of the Light Brigade charge that they have generally devoted but little space to that of the Heavy Brigade; but the latter was a grand affair, nevertheless. The Heavies are dragoon guards—large, strong men, and, with their scarlet jackets, white gauntlets and (with the exception of the Greys, who wore bearskins) brass helmets, they made a gallant show as charging with sabers en tierce, the turf flying from the hoofs of the horses and the earth literally trembling under their thundering rush, they struck the enemy with a shock that could be heard all over the valley, and with an effect that almost chilled the blood of the beholder. They fought, saber to saber, against great odds, and won. The light charge was daring, brilliant, dazzling; but at no point did it appear more so than when, amid smoke and flame, they closed on the battery. Then, when men and horses were lost to view, we knew that they were still there and doing their duty bravely, for, like forked lightning playing through a thunder-cloud, we could see the gleaming and flashing of their sabers and lances. I have beheld many cavalry charges since then, says a writer in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, but the charges of Balaklava will remain fresh in my memory while life lasts.

A CONFUSED JUROR.

During the administration of Hon. John Schley, Judge of the Midland Circuit of Georgia, one day, in the trial of a case on the common-law docket before a petit jury, in which Hon. Charles J. Jenkins and Quintilian Skrine, Esq., were on opposing sides, a juror, after the conclusion of Mr. Jenkins' argument, and the introduction of Mr. Skrine's, suddenly rose, left the box, and rushed out of the court-house. Being brought back, to the court's indignant demand why he had taken such a liberty he answered: "Well, now, Jedge, I'll jes' tell you how it is. I heerd Mr. Jenkins's speech, and he made out the case so plain that I done made up my mind. And then Mr. Skrine he got up, and he went intirely on the back track, he did, and he were gittin' my mind all confused up like; and I jes' thought, as for me, I better leave ontwell he got through. Well, now, Jedge, jes' to tell you the plain truth, I didn't like the way the argument was a-gwine."—*Harper's Magazine.*

STATISTICS OF SUICIDE.

A Gradual Increase of Self-Murders in Recent Years.

It has been stated by a writer in a late English magazine that there has been a marked revival of suicides during the last hundred years. It is estimated that the rate has quintupled in Europe since the middle of the last century. Ninety thousand persons are said to die by their own hand each year on the Continent and the British Isles. One-fourth of these are put down as mad; the rest perform the act knowingly, with a view to some presumed advantage.

The rates vary a great deal in different countries in Europe. The figures are higher in the north (excepting only Russia) than in the south, and more people kill themselves in town than in the country. It is said that this sort of mortality is greatest among the Danes, and least among the Portuguese, the figures being as thirty-five to one.

The popular theory that people hold more and more to life as they approach its natural conclusion is contradicted by statistics, which show that gray hair brings with it, in many cases, a disgust for existence, which renders those affected by it impatient to wait till death comes to them of its own accord. Suicides are about twice as frequent above 70 as they are between 20 and 30. The number of children under 16 in the list is comparatively small, but it is growing rapidly.

Nearly 2,000 boys and girls commit self-murder each year in Europe. So far, they do not seem to begin before they are 9. That is the moment, apparently, when the ills of this world are unbearable to them, as happened to the boy who drowned himself because of grief at the death of his canary. At the age of 13, however, motives grow to be more stupendous, as was the case with a boy in France, who hanged himself at that age, after bequeathing his soul to Rousseau and his body to the earth.

The returns from all Europe prove this is a prevailing rule: That where three men kill themselves, only one woman follows their example. Instruction is said to predispose to suicide, while professions do not. A man does not kill himself because of his trade, but a good many men kill themselves because of their knowledge. Suicide is most abundant in the regions where schooling is most expanded. The inhabitants of countries in which every one can read are those who commit the most self-murder.

Hereditary influences continue, in certain cases, to reveal their curious force. Two cases are on record, in each of which seven brothers have hanged themselves, one after the other. One case was in Saxony and the other in Tyrol. Climate, it has recently been established, has nothing to do with suicide, but the seasons exercise a great effect on it. Spring and summer are the great suicidal periods everywhere. November is the most innocent month in the year, and May, June and July are the worst—so much so, indeed, that twice as many suicides happen in each of them as in any winter month.

CARE OF WOOD TYPE.

Too little attention is paid by many to the care of type in general, and of wood type especially. Wood type should always be kept in a cool and dry place—not, as is often the case, a few feet from a large stove, or directly over the lye and wash tub. The drawer or shelves—drawers or cases are preferable to shelves—where they are kept should not, as very often happens, be made of unseasoned wood, for this reason: type wood is usually perfectly seasoned, and, when allowed to remain for any length of time on a damp surface, the moisture is absorbed, the bottom expands, and a warped type, ready to be broken at the first impression, is the result.

Wood type should only be washed with oil. A moistened cloth is sufficient, is more convenient, and is certainly much cleaner than using their weight in oil. All our tpye have a smooth and polished face, and, if properly cleaned when put away, will last for years. In fact, proper use only improves the working qualities. Much could be said of the use and abuse of type—of standing wood type forms near hot stoves, leaving them locked up over night on a damp press or stone to warp, swell, and, perhaps, ruin a costly chase—but a want of space prevents, and a few hints to those interested and who will use judgment is of as much value as columns to those who think little and care less.—*Type World.*

HE GOT A FLY.

A wholesale dealer who had a six weeks' acquaintance with a broker, and thought he knew his man, asked him for "a fly" on stock, and the broker good-naturedly replied:

"Well, suppose you buy some Eastchester and Western?"

One day three weeks later the two met again, and the dealer said:

"You remember I asked *you* for 'a fly' in stock?"

"Yes, and I gave you one."

"You did that, and I lost $650."

"Is that so? Well, you see, you did not tell me whether you wanted to fly up or down. If you wanted to go up you should have bought silver stock. Always give a broker full particulars."